

THE  
MAD PRANKS  
OF

TOM TRAM,

Son in Law to Mother WINTER.

Together with

His Merry JESTS, odd CONCEITS,  
and pleasant TALES; very delightful  
to Read.

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PART the THIRD.

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Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-  
Yard, Bow Lane, London.



The Third Part of

# TOM TRAM.



## CHAP. I.

Of Tom's getting Five and Forty Wenches  
With Child ; and of his Escape from  
the Constable.

**N**EAR the city of Exeter Tom had not long lived, but he grew very famous in telling young wenches their fortunes, who came to him from all the adjacent towns; to know if they should marry the persons they desir'd, or not and many other such like questions; the lasses whenever they came, he would take them up into his chamber, and if they were a little handsome, he would be sure to write a line or two in every girl's

memorandum book ; so that at last there was a general complaint against Tom for having cracked many of the choicest maidenheads in Devonshire ; no less than five and forty being reputed to be with-child by him.



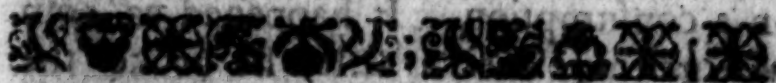
Among these was Sarah the righteous daughter of a Quaker, whose pious father Obadiah verily fetched a warrant for poor Tom, from Justice Shallow, and gave it to one William Wiscacre, a Constable, who immediately served it upon him.— Now as they were going to the next Justice of the peace, the constable and Tom, the Quaker and his wife, and their fallen daughter Sarah, were to go by a certain lodge, from whence leaped out a thun-

dering mastiff, who fastened immediately upon the Constable, who being dreadfully frightened, roared out again, meanwhile the Quaker and the rest run away for fear. Tom seeing the opportunity, took up the Constable's long staff, which he had dropped, and leaped over a ditch, and there left the Constable without his mark of authority. Thus was Tom delivered, and freed from their fury.



CHAP





## C H A P. II.

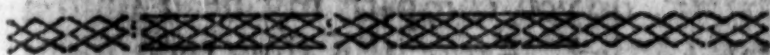
Tom hires himself to a Mountebank, and cures a Country Squire of a Consumption.

**T**OM having thus gained his liberty, was resolved not to let the grass grow under his heels, and posted forwards as fast as possible, till he came to a market-town, where a Mountebank had erected a stage, on which he was making a fine speech to the people, about the wonderful cures he had effected.

Tom waited patiently till he had done his harrangue, and then asked him if he wanted a man? Why said the Mountebank, what can'st thou do? Quoth Tom, I can tell fortunes, and recover lost goods. The Mountebank was right joyful to meet with such a servant, and so gave him present entertainment.

Now it happened shortly after that the Doctor sent Tom with a bottle of cordial to a Country Squire, who had long been

in a consumption. It happened as Tom was getting over a stile, he broke the bottle, and split the liquor; which put him in a peck of troubles.—If I go back, thought he, and tell my master, I may be in danger of losing my place, and if I go to the Squire, what excuse can I make? At length he resolved to get a bottle like that which was broken, and fill it with water mixed with a soft green cow-turd, which formed a very uncommon julip, of a strange colour, much like atquack medicine. This he left for the Squire, with directions how to take it, and in less than a week's time he mended to a miracle, and came over to the Doctor to pay him, and returned him thanks for his cure. Tom observing this, as soon as the Squire was gone, cried out to his master, O the cow-turd! the cow-turd! and then related the whole story, which made the Mountebank laugh heartily: However, he resolved within himself to make use of the same medicine ever after on the like occasion.



## C H A P. III

Of Tom and his Master's Progress, with  
what happened on their Journey,

**N**OW the Doctor and his man Tom;  
being on the road together, Tom  
said, Methinks it is melancholy riding, if  
you are willing, we will cap verses to di-  
vert the time. With all my heart, says  
the mountebank; and accordingly being  
near Abingdon, he began thus:

God-a-mercy Abingdon.

God-a-mercy, Oh!

Thou hast a spire

Like the sheath of a dagger.

Rare well done, quoth Tom. — The  
maker replied, Now it is your turn. — At  
which Tom began thus:

God-a-mercy, master,

God-a-mercy, Oh!

You have a head

Like unto a brass kettle.

Why, you impudent rascal, said his master, do you compare my head unto a brass kettle? After this they rode silent the remaining part of the day; the Doctor being in the dumps would not speak to Tom, nor suffer him to say a word to explain or excuse himself; nor would he permit Tom to remain in his presence at night.

Tom passed away the time as well as he could till morning, when the chamberlain came to Tom to know if his master chose to have a fire in his room. Yes, says Tom, but he will have no one to make it but myself. Then taking a brush under his arm, and a faggot on his shoulder, he went up, saying, as he entered the room,

Good-morrow, master,

Good-morrow, Oh!

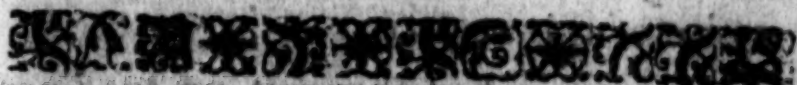
I have brought a faggot

Into your chamber.

Well, look you there, said his master, this is something like. Could not you have made this verse yesterday; but on the contrary, you must compare my un-



derstanding head to a brass kettle. Well for this verse I will pardon you; but be sure take care how you commit the like again..



#### CHAP. IV.

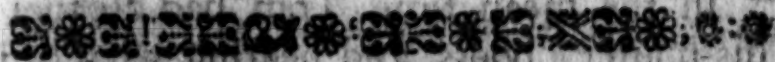
Of Tom's farther proceedings on the Journey with his Master.

**N**OW against his master was dressed Tom ordered a breakfast to be got ready, with a bottle of wine to sharpen their wits. This being over, their horses were ordered to be saddled, and Tom and his master mounted very good friends again, and so proceeded forward on their Journey. It happening to prove a very wet day, and the roads being deep, and dirty, when they came to the inn at night, the Doctor ordered Tom to clean his boots against morning; which Tom promised to perform. But when the Doctor called for his boots Tom had not cleaned them, but brought them just as they had been pulled off. The Doctor

asked, Why are my boots not cleaned ? Why quoth Tom what should I clean them for, while this weather lasts, they will be dirty again.—At this the Doctor smiled, and seemed to take no farther notice of this neglect.

At noon, when they put up to dine the Doctor ordered a chicken to be roasted for himself, and that Tom might on no account have any thing to eat. When the Doctor had eaten up his chicken, and ordered his horse out, Tom said, Hold, master I have not had my dinner. The Doctor replied, What need you eat; you will be hungry again you know. Thus the Doctor treated Tom's belly as he had done his master's boots.





## C H A P. V.

Tom's Revenge on his Master, for making him lose his Dinner.

**T**OM was sadly disturbed in his mind at the loss of his dinner; wherefore he made it his whole afternoon's study how to be revenged on his master for serving him such a trick. A thought at last came into his head, which suited his purpose; for coming to an inn at night, he said to his master, Sir, will you please to have your boots cleaned and dressed to-night. The Doctor replied I will, so get them done.

The Doctor being a little fantastical in his diet, had a mind to have something extraordinary for supper; whereupon he called for the cook, and asked him if he could dress him up a dish in the French fashion or not? The cook, loath to discover his ignorance, said he could, Then the Doctor bid him shew his art, and let him have his supper served up with all possible speed.

In the mean time Tom had cleaned his master's boots, and hearing what had passed between him and the cook, resolved not to miss this opportunity of revenge for the loss of his dinner. — So Tom, putting on a grave countenance, carried the boots into the Kitchen, and bid the cook dress them for his master's supper. — The cook replied, That will be a new found out dish indeed, but I can never believe that your master sent them to be dressed. Yes, quoth Tom, but he did; and if you will not believe me, I will call to him, and you shall hear what he says himself. — Doctor, says Tom, standing at the stair foot, will you have one or both dressed? — He supposing he meant the liquoring of the boots, cried out in a passion, You rascal, let them both be done, for what should I do with one? — The cook hearing what he said, immediately set on the great pot and boiled the boots till they were tender, and then taking them up, chopped them as small as minced meat, and mingled the same with currants and spices, and simmer'd it together over a chaffing dish of coals; and so served it up at the Doctor's table



who liked his supper extraordinary well. Tom pretending to be sick, said he could not eat, and so went to-bed.

The next morning when the Doctor called for his boots, Tom cry'd, Heyday! would you have your cake and eat your cake? had you not them drest last night for your supper. — O you impudent rascal, says the Doctor, get you hence, you shall be no longer in my service. tent, says Tom, and so they parted.



## C H A P. VI.

The Method Tom took with his Master  
to get his Wages.

**T**OM had not travelled far before he began to consider that he had not received any wages, and that it was but sorry travelling without money; and so he resolved to return to his master, and make a demand of his wages, which he did, but the Doctor refused to pay him. Nay, said Tom, I will be up with you for that. Upon which he got a warrant, and brought him before a Justice that lived in the same town. — When the Doctor was come before his Worship, he alledged, that Tom had very grossly abused him, first, in comparing his head to a brass kettle; and secondly, in ordering the cook to boil his boots — Well, quoth the Justice, young man, what have you to say to this? — Why said Tom, as to the first, I was forced to go to bed that night without any supper; and I think that

punishment enough for such a slender offence. And as for his boots they were boiled and dished up for his own diet ; and he said himself it was the best supper he had eaten for seven years, — Said the Justice, If it be so, I have nothing to say against your servant ; you must pay him your wages, or I will send you to a place where you will not have so good a supper as your boots. Upon which the Mountebank pulled out a velvet purse, and paid Tom his wages.



# THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES

## CHAP. VII.

Tom hires himself to a Justice, and what Pranks he play'd while he was his Servant.

**T**HE Justice at this time wanting a servant, and finding Tom to be a lively fellow, asked him if he would serve him?—Tom replied, With all his heart, he should be very glad to serve a gentleman who had already taken his part, when he was but a poor stranger.—They soon agreed about wages, and Tom was immediately entertained.

Here Tom had not lived long, before the Justice and his family were obliged to go to London, leaving no man servant at home but Tom. Now in the Justice's absence, an officer brought a lusty and young woman, with a complaint against a little man. Tom let them in, and so placing himself in his master's chair, he asked the woman, What injury this man had done her? Please your Worship, he has ravished me, and lain with



me by meer force, against my will. — Adzooks, quoth Tom, I think it impossible that such a little fellow as this could force such a strapping dame as you. — Alas! sir, said she, though he is little, he is very strong. — Well, says Tom, little Whipper-Snapper, what say you to this? — Please your Worship, what she says is false; the truth is this: — I have been a considerable time at sea, and being just come on shore, and received my pay, I met with this woman, and agreed with her for half a crown; and when the business was over, I pulled out my purse to pay her honestly what I had agreed to give her, but she seeing I had a sum of money, demanded ten shillings, contrary to our bargain; and because I would not give it her, she has brought me before your Worship. — Have you got the purse of money, quoth Tom to the sailor? — Yes, replied Jack Tar. — Give it into my hand, said Tom. — The sailor delivered it; and Tom, turning to the woman, said, Here take it, and go about your business. She replied, I humbly thank your Worship, you are an honest man, and have done me Justice.

The seaman at this decision wrung his hands and cried bitterly, "I am ruined! I am ruined! it is every penny I had in the world.—Well, quoth Tom, make haste after her, and take it from her. Accordingly he ran after her, and said, I must and will have my purse again.—Then she fell about his ears and cuffed him.—Nay, this did not satisfy her, for she dragged him back before Justice Tom, and told him that the fellow wanted to have the purse again, which he in justice had given to her.—Well, said Tom, and has he got it?—No, said she, I think not; before he should have it from me, I would tear out both his eyes.—Let me see it again says Tom; upon which she delivered it to him.—Is all the money in it, says Tom?—Yes, Sir, replied she, there is every penny.—Why then says he, here little Whipper-Snapper, take your purse again; and as for you Mrs. Impudence if you had defended your modesty as well as you did your money, I had never been troubled with this complaint. Here, Mr Constable, give her an hundred lashes at the town whipping-post.—Which

was accordingly done; and Tom was applauded by the whole country for his equitable proceedings,

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### C H A P. VIII.

Tom gains the Love of his Master and all the Family.

**N**OW when his Master and family returned from London, and he was informed how Tom had acted the Deputy in his absence, and understood his just proceedings, he laughed heartily, and for the jest gave him a suit of apparel, and made him Steward over his estate.

Now it happened upon a certain day, that Tom was sent with an hundred guineas, which he was to pay to an old usurer, whose name was old Pinch Gut. When coming to his house, Tom found him at breakfast on a crust of bread, with a pint of ale standing by him. But the usurer was so eager in telling the money, that he never regarded his ale, which Tom perceiving, drank it off, and having got a receipt in full, took leave, and

turned home. But when the old usurer found his ale was gone, and that Tom had drank it, he came raving home to Tom's master, making sad lamentation how he had wronged him. The Justice to pacify the old usurer, prays him to be contented, adding, That Tom should certainly make him satisfaction for the damage he had done to him: Which did in some measure appease his anger.



# CHAP. IXI

Tom's Revenge on the Usurer for complaining to his Master.

**A**BOUT two months after Tom accidentally meets the old usurer in a market town; where taking him by the hand, he said, Sir, I am glad to see you, I have now got a fit opportunity to retaliate your wrongs; be pleased to accept of me part of a bottle of wine, in lieu of your pint of ale. Adad, quoth the old usurer, that will be too much. No, no, replied Tom, I will give it you with all



my good and sincere heart. Well, quoth the usurer I knew thou wert an honest fellow, and because it is thy love, I will accept of it: — This said, they went both into a tavern together, and were seated in an upper room next the street. A bottle of canary being brought, Tom drank a full glass to the usurer, who pledged him in the like; so they plyed it so close till the bottle was out, and he then called for another. — Oh! quoth the old man it is enough; for I am well satisfied for the injury you did me. — Well, I thank you, said Tom, that you will be friends with me; yet I will spend another bottle upon you, and in regard it is near noon, I will have a capon dressed, that we may dine together. — O said the usurer, that will be too much charge, — No, not at all, said Tom, it shall not cost you a penny in my company — Thou art a very good-natur'd man, said the usurer. — So the capon being dressed, it was brought up, and Tom bid him feed, for he was very welcome. Now when they had both dined, Tom called up the reckoning, and the drawer brought up ten shillings to pay. — Well quoth Tom, bring the other bottle, and

make it an even dozen. It was brought and Tom began to drink so briskly, that the bottle was soon empty. At which time Tome opened the window, and then pretended that he saw a gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom he had some particular business. He gave a hem, and then saying he would run down and fetch him up, he scampered clear away, leaving the old usurer to pay the reckoning; who after he had waited an hour, and found that Tom did not return, he called to the drawer, to know if the reckoning was paid? and when he was told it was not? he was ready to run mad, to think what a trick Tom had put upon him: Nevertheless, he was forced to discharge the reckoning, and afterwards went home with a heavy heart, and a much lighter purse than he came out with.



### C H A P. X.

Tom marries his Lady's Waiting-Woman  
and has by her an only Daughter.

**T**HESE merry conceits and pleasant  
pranks gained Tom the love of all

that knew him, especially of Ursulla, the waiting-gentlewoman, who was never so happy as when she was in his company; and he being of the same mind, it was not long before their loves came to a happy conclusion; for his Master and Lady liking the match, the wedding-day was



appointed, and most of the neighbouring gentlemen were at the solemnity.

Tom remained in his stewardship many years, in which time he had by his

wife one only daughter, whom he called Ursula, after her mother. This was the most splendid part of Tom's life, being easy in his circumstances, and in the good esteem of many persons of quality, with whom he often rode a hunting, and per-took of their other diversions, they taking delight in his company, for the sake of his merry jests, witty sayings, and expressions.

Thus He lived to the age of eighty, and then died, leaving behind him his wife and daughter, to lament the loss of honest TOM TRAM.

He liv'd till he was eighty years of age,  
When death at last did with darts him  
cogage,

So that he feared, pains came thick and stronger,

And then he dy'd, 'cause he could live  
no longer.

The last words he said, Let this be sent  
To London, that it may be put in print.

Tom released in 1963



